

## Whether Common or Not.



## The Price.

It is your fault, your very great fault—the fruits  
of a bloody lust—  
That the smiting hand of an angry God has hum-  
bled you in the dust.  
With strong-armed hosts and a greed for gain  
you have trampled on human rights,  
And like the bully you always were you whimper  
when God's hand smites.  
Your island is filled with widows' moans and  
mothers weep bitter tears  
For the bleaching bones on the far-off veldt that  
rot with the passing years.  
Yet bones still bleach and tears still flow, for  
your lust for gain is strong,  
And your stiff-necked pride keeps your armies  
out to work a blood-stained wrong.

It is your fault, your very great fault, yet you  
moan at the price you pay  
And add to the rivers of tears that flow from  
mother eyes day by day.  
But still you tread in the path of wrong, still fol-  
low your plans to steal,  
And beg all the world for sympathy when the  
smiting rod you feel.  
But your awful crop of widows' weeds, your  
chorus of mothers' moans  
Will greater grow as the trail you tread is marked  
by the veldt-bleached bones.  
The veldt-bleached bones of your strong young  
men—the victims of lustful pride  
Who, facing the guns of liberty at your com-  
mand, have died.

The lesson you learned in '76, a lesson full fraught  
with pain,  
As the years roll on and your lust grows strong,  
it seems 'twas learned in vain.  
But rivers of blood through the Boer veldt are  
making you count the cost  
And teaches again that freedom wins, though  
often a fight is lost.  
Though your lords proclaim and your captains  
boast of bloody battles won,  
You know full well in your inmost heart that the  
war is scarce begun.  
And we who are seated supinely by as freemen's  
blood you let—  
God stir our souls to our old-time deeds, once  
more, lest we forget.



## Unreasonable.

The longer we live the more we wonder how  
some men can be so unreasonable.  
"I have to pay too much for my groceries and  
hardware," protested the farmer.  
"But potatoes are bringing \$1.30 a bushel," we  
replied.  
"True, but there are no potatoes," said the  
farmer.  
Just as if this were any excuse for his protests.



## Our Wonderful Language.

There was a young maid in Dybuque  
Who wanted to marry a duke.  
The title she wed  
And later she said,  
"This marriage of mine was a fluque."



## Danger Ahead.

The decorated general of Venezuela and the  
ornamented general of the United States of Colom-  
bo met under a flag of truce.  
"Shall we fight?"  
"Is that not what we are here for?"  
"But I hear rumors that the United States of  
America will intervene."  
"Ah, if the rumor is correct we would better

join forces. Will intervention be brought about  
on the grounds of humanity?"

"So I understand."

"Then wisdom dictates that we make friends.  
Remember Cuba."

Thus it will be seen that even in far-away  
South America an ulterior motive is quickly  
recognized.



## A Plutocrat.

"You complain that your assessment is much  
too high?"

"Yes, sir. Far too high."

"Suppose, then, we cut in half the assessed  
value of your piano, diamonds and carriages and  
add to the list the five bushels of potatoes you  
have in the cellar."

But the complainant had fled. Unfortunately  
he had found the board of equalization deter-  
mined to make both ends meet, though one end  
should be potato.



## Sentiment vs. Business.

"In God we trust," a motto bright  
On Uncle Sam's bright coins we saw.  
But well we know each greedy trust  
Winks at the motto—that they just  
Put trust in Dingley's tariff law.



## Gossip.

"That Mrs. Bilkins is a confirmed gossip."  
"Has she been talking about you?"  
"O, no. But she came over here yesterday and  
I told her all about Mrs. Jilkers, and now she is  
trotting all over town telling it to everybody she  
meets, knowing that I am so busy making jelly I  
can't leave the house."



## The National Game.

"I didn't know Jones ever played ball."  
"Well, does he?"  
"Yes. Yesterday I saw him stop at three balls  
and make a strike. Struck his 'uncle' for a ten-  
ner on his golf outfit."



## Exceptions.

"Blood is thicker than water," quoted the  
man who was inclined to favor the British cause  
in South Africa.

"O, I don't know," retorted the Boer sym-  
pathizer. "Some of the titled blood our American  
heiresses are marrying is mighty thin."  
Truly we live in an iconoclastic age.



## An Alibi.

"You are charged with having used money to  
procure your election," said the chairman of the  
investigating committee.

Senator Graball leaned back in his chair and  
smiled.

"Gentlemen, I can easily prove an alibi. In-  
vestigation will prove that I had more money after  
election than before."

What could the committee do? Clearly the  
senator's defense was sufficient.



## Narrow Escape.

"Did Jones tell you about the big fish he  
caught?"

"No. I told my story first."

—W. M. M.

## The New "Speaking Portrait."

Once more the genius of M. Bertillon has  
triumphed over the identification difficulty, and  
he has come forward with a system which ap-  
proaches very near perfection.

"The Portrait Pearle," as Mr. Bertillon calls his  
method, consists in form of a card that may be  
carried in the pocket, on which are noted down  
those characteristics that have the most fixity in  
the individual and the most variability in differ-  
ent people. "The anthropometrical system," said

M. Bertillon, "necessitates the detention of the  
criminal, whose measurements are taken with  
the aid of compasses, but the verbal portrait  
which aims at the criminal at liberty, may be ap-  
plied unknown to him and from a distance.

"This description, based on a knowledge of  
human anatomy, any one can master with a little  
preliminary study, and it is of so much precision  
that it applies solely to the person it represents, to  
the exclusion of all others. It is composed, for  
each individual, of from ten to fifteen distinctive  
signs, which should always be borne in mind by  
an officer in search of a law-breaker. The verbal  
description has the advantage over a photograph  
in that it can be turned up in any place at any  
hour and transmitted by telegraph or telephone."

Examining a verbal portrait, we find that it is  
divided into three chapters. The first deals with  
the color of the eye, hair and face, the second  
with the characteristics of the forehead, nose,  
right ear and build of body, the third with an  
analysis of the profile and face.

When looking for his man the detective car-  
ries in his mind only the most characteristic fea-  
tures—the fixed features, such as the eyes, nose,  
forehead or ear. These the criminal cannot alter  
at will, but he may dye the color of his hair or the  
complexion of his face; he may make his mouth  
under false hair or disguise his build of body by  
padding his clothes or in other ways. Therefore  
the officer carries in his mind a kind of caricature  
of the person to be recognized, concerning himself  
at first with only the most exaggerated features  
and taking no heed of those which would be de-  
scribed as average. Everyone knows how easy it  
is to recognize some well known personage from a  
caricature, which is far superior to the best photo-  
graphs for this purpose.—Pearson's Magazine.

## Edward's Peers.

London—The members of the privy council  
sat as a court of claims a few days ago to con-  
sider various hereditary traditional rights and  
privileges claimed in connection with the forth-  
coming coronation of the king. After the registrar  
had commanded all persons to keep silence on  
penalty of imprisonment, he read thirty or forty  
demands, including the following:

The Duke of Norfolk—To act as chief butler  
of England.

The Duke of Newcastle—To provide a glove  
and to support the king's arm.

The Bishop of Durham—To support the king  
and queen.

The Duke of Somerset—To carry the orb.

The Earl of Erroll—To have the silver baton  
tipped with gold.

The Dean of Westminster—To instruct the  
king and queen in the rites and ceremonies and to  
have the cloth, etc., for fees.

Lord Grey de Ruthyn—To carry the golden  
spurs.

Colonel Brown—To bear the canopy over the  
king and queen.

The Earl of Shrewsbury—To provide the glove  
for the king's right hand and support the hand  
while holding the scepter.

Sir Wyndham Austruther—To be grand carver  
for Scotland.

The Duke of Buccleuth—To ride by his ma-  
jesty's carriage.

The Marquis of Winchester—To carry the cap  
of maintenance.

The lord chancellor announced that all claims  
must be presented by October 31 and the court  
then adjourned.—New York Evening Sun.

Salemina, wishing to know what was consid-  
ered a good score by local players on the Bally-  
castle links, asked our young friend: "What they  
got round in here?" and was answered: "They  
tries to go round in as few as possible, ma'am, but  
they mostly takes more!"—From "Penelope's Irish  
Experiences."